THE New Republic

After a Test Ban—Next Steps To Arms Control

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SEPTEMBER 1, 1958

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Washington Wire

On the Mohawk Trail

WE SIT on the platform of Taber's store waiting for the two o'clock mail. A caterpillar down below gallops across the hot cement of Route 23 (Stamford-Oneonta). The view sweeps across the pastured valley to the next range of hills, and we have our own range at our back. The Charlotte River knows its way through the valley and highway; milk trains, power lines follow it — as the Mohawks did once. It leads through tall hills with cloud shadows flowing over them and the mild-eyed Jerseys foraging below.

A Pennsylvania car pulling into Sanford's garage across the way squashes the caterpillar. No, a near miss—there it goes again! It checks momentarily with a confused conception of the world's evils, then goes on again at incredible speed.

Down the road are the two avenues to salvation, Methodist and Presbyterian. Besides them and the big consolidated school about the only things in town are the grain-feed store, Stewart's hardware and the quick lunch.

I do not think Washington reporters should come to such a place. The tranquillity is too shattering. The world is coming unstuck, the election has begun, Congress has gone home. Home did I say? It has come back to scenes like this, and the local interest here in these respective affairs is minimum. The calm is an insult to the agitated reporter. Here at Taber's store the citizens are spectators; world events are happening to others, not to them.

Two Worlds

IT WILL BE A significant election just the same. California spells Knowland's fate; Harriman and Jack Kennedy must have victories—to get their Presidential campaigns off the ground. Then there's the census. In 1960, 14 states will lose seats in the House of Representatives; 9 will gain them—the party that wins the state house this year may gerrymander itself into power for a decade. And then there's Maine. The Payne-Muskie senatorial election on September 8 will test how far Senator Payne's playing footsie with Bernard Goldfine has hurt him and the GOP generally. Sherman Adams should be resigning soon now. Yes, Washington is all a-twit over these things, let alone the rumblings from the Middle East!

► How do we get the British troops out of Jordan? *The price of milk is pretty good.*

► What should Eisenhower do now about Little Rock? *A good man that Eisenhower; not a Taft, maybe, but he means well.*

► How long can we pretend that Red China, with a quarter of the world's population, doesn't exist? *We got only eight sunny days all June — crops are three weeks late.*

The two worlds just don't meet. Frustration becomes so great, finally, that one shrugs it off. Communities like this (village, hamlet or city precinct) are what Congress has returned to: they're back home now planning their campaigns. Which world is real, you ask yourself—Washington or here? Am I crazy or are they?

The Big Issue

THE SUN beats down on the rack of empty pop bottles and the flies and the unsold *Herald-Tribunes* in which Olympian Walter Lippmann thrice weekly takes Dulles to task, and the staunch Republican editorials of the same page declare "All is well." Back in Washington before Congress quit it was revealed that a military study group was considering the conditions of atomic warfare where the US would say, "Enough; I quit; haul down the flag!" And because the Senate knew there was some truth to it, it had to deny there was any truth to it. It registered jitters and shock. Yet in the atomic "gap" ahead (1960 through 1964) Moscow will have the lead.

Vacation reading isn't reassuring either:

> I know of no event since the Russian revolution of 1917 which has so changed, for the worse, the security and power position of our country [as the Soviets' air-atomic emergence].—Thomas K. Finletter, in *Foreign Policy, The Next Phase.*
>
> On the very edge of the abyss [Suez] peace had again been salvaged, and for the time being, as with the end of the Indochina war, allied losses were obscured by the wave of relief over catastrophe averted.—Marquis Childs, in *Eisenhower, Captive Hero.*
>
> The real tragedy is not that the Russians are better than we are; they're just doing better because they're trying and we aren't.—Walter Reuther in a recent interview.

Eisenhower has soothed this village, like the nation. But it is not isolated from events. The dedicated minister's son is leaving for Pakistan soon, to teach three years. Ralph Taber's boy is flying in the Army. Viking-faced, blue-eyed Mr. Sanford who runs the garage and local fire department (volunteer) has, in his latter capacity, been called into regional conferences on civil defense in case of atomic attack.

Well, then, I ask desperately, how does your Congressman stand on these whirling issues? Katharine St. George? —oh, we're for *her!* Three times in Congress she has blocked the Army Engineers' local flood-control project to dam the Charlotte. Every Spring Binghamton's dikes and levees are threatened further down the Susquehanna, but the proposed dam would ruin valuable bottom lands up here. That's the big issue here, friend (they say), not China, not Moscow.

Here's the mail car! We crowd in. The eternal hills look down on beautiful America and seem to ask Emerson's daunting question, Little man, why so hot? Well, maybe the hills have the answer; I don't. The caterpillar has made its miraculous journey right across Route 23 unscathed. Alas, for it, just when it had every reason to congratulate itself, the left front wheel of the Chevrolet bringing the mail, flattens it out. But nobody notices.

T.R.B.

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GILBERT A. HARRISON, *Editor & Publisher*
MICHAEL STRAIGHT, *Editor-at-Large*
HELEN FULLER, *Managing Editor*
SELIG S. HARRISON, *Associate Editor*
ROBERT EVETT, *Book & Music Editor*
F. R. Ruskin, *Asst. to the Publisher*
Contributing Editors: Alexander M. Bickel, B. H. Haggin, Irving Howe, Gerald W. Johnson, James E. King, Jr., Donald Malcolm, Helen Hill Miller

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COMING

Guide to the 85th Congress

IN TIME for the fall campaign, the *NR* will publish another of its periodic reports on Congress, with voting records of all members on selected key issues.

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WITH THIS issue of the *NR* we resume our weekly publication schedule.

After a Test Ban

Now that the experts have agreed at Geneva on the technical feasibility of controlling a suspension of nuclear test explosions, the three existing atomic powers are likely to agree on a temporary suspension of their own tests in the hope of establishing a general convention on the cessation, or at least limitation, of nuclear tests by all countries.

The case for a ban on nuclear tests is usually based on two arguments. The first is that nuclear tests involve radiation hazards, however small, to the whole of humanity and that the nuclear powers have no right to endanger others. This argument is considerably strengthened by the recent United Nations report on radiation dangers; though the experts still disagree about the precise scale of the danger from test explosions, they agree nutritional habits make it considerably greater for the populations of Asia than for the white peoples. This fact alone would make it very difficult for the Western powers to refuse the suspension of nuclear tests, especially when it is the Russians who appear to be offering it.

The second official argument usually made is that, if effectively supervised, a ban on tests could be the first step toward building confidence in the general idea of disarmament. The Geneva report appears to increase this possibility by detailed proposals for a monitoring system.

But by far the most important argument for a ban on nuclear tests is one which is usually avoided in public discussion: a test ban would make it impossible for any further countries to build nuclear weapons systems except by cooperation with Russia, America or Britain. It would eliminate the appalling danger that before long even the most irresponsible little dictator would have the power to blow up the world.

This does not mean that it would be impossible for a fourth country to produce a nuclear device which is almost certain to work. But no country could risk building a whole defense system around weapons whose efficiency had not been proven in detail by testing. Moreover, since the main value of nuclear weapons lies in deterrence, it is essential that a country which possesses them should be able to demonstrate to its potential enemy that they do in fact work. In practice a ban on nuclear tests would leave America, Russia and Britain alone with the ability to decide what other countries, if any, should join them in the nuclear club.

Since in any case only a handful of other countries could hope to produce nuclear weapons for themselves in the next five or ten years, a ban on nuclear tests would receive overwhelming support at present in the United Nations. But among the powers who have already declared their intention of producing atomic weapons for themselves are important members of both the Western and Communist alliances—France and China. And they and other countries which have acquired the capacity for nuclear arms production will not easily acquiesce in a permanent monopoly by the United States, Russia and Britain. France has already announced that she is not prepared to accept a ban on tests until she has satisfied her own security needs.

Thus, though it would be possible, and it is certainly possible, to obtain

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international agreement now for a test ban as an end in itself, it would be unrealistic to suppose that such a ban is likely to be observed for long unless it is supplemented by measures which somehow reduce the unfair military advantage thus obtained by the three atomic powers.

At the moment it may be possible to persuade the recalcitrant countries to accept a ban on tests if one of the existing atomic powers offers them some of its own atomic weapons, or at least know-how. But if the price for agreement on test suspension is the immediate distribution of atomic weapons to many countries which do not now possess them, it may do more harm than good.

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What is the alternative?

Last year, when America and Russia first began edging toward agreement for a ban on nuclear tests, Britain and France blocked the way by insisting that a ban on tests should be linked with a cut-off on further production of nuclear weapons by the existing atomic powers and with progress toward conventional disarmament. In principle both of these conditions seem reasonable enough, but in practice they were tantamount to the rejection of a ban on tests altogether. For the type of control system required to monitor a cut-off on atomic weapons production would involve so detailed an interference in the most intimate secrets of Soviet and American defenses that it could only come toward the end, not the beginning, of a long process of universal disarmament. Moreover, even if such a cut-off could be imposed, it would not significantly reduce the unfair advantage derived by America and Russia from a ban on tests, since each country already possesses sufficient atomic weapons to give it absolute military superiority over all the non-nuclear powers put together.

It was equally disingenuous to make a test ban conditional on progress in conventional disarmament, since the terms in which the West has so far discussed conventional disarmament involve overall reductions in the military strength of all the great powers under a control system only slightly less far-reaching than that required to monitor an atomic cut-off. There is no prospect at present that Russia will agree to such a control system. Khrushchev has recently stated with dismaying clarity that Russia will not accept full control on her own territory until mutual confidence has been created by other measures. The West has always maintained with reason that trust can only be created by the experience of successful control. If a ban on tests is made conditional on any major step towards universal disarmament, such a ban will have to wait for many years—and meantime nuclear weapons will have become much more widely distributed.

But the legitimate interests of the non-nuclear powers do not in fact require that disarmament should start in the homelands of America and Russia. On the contrary, it is precisely the balance of terror existing between America and Russia which has temporarily removed the danger of world war. What the non-nuclear powers have the right to demand is that the danger of local war in the areas of direct concern to them should be reduced as well. And this can be achieved by regional systems of arms limitation which do not directly affect the global balance.

Russia has frequently proposed the regional limitation of armaments in the last few years, but until the last month the West has consistently rejected the idea. The recent troubles in Lebanon and Jordan have taught the West a lesson. President Eisenhower has now himself proposed that the United Nations should study the possibility of limiting armaments throughout the Middle East. And, most encouraging of all, the Russians on the whole have resisted the temptation of scoring propaganda victories at a time when the West was most vulnerable, and seem ready to consider Eisenhower's suggestion.

If a regional system for arms control can be made to work in the Middle East, there is still more reason to try it in Europe. Russia and the West have been reducing their forces unilaterally on both sides of the Iron Curtain until there is more nearly a balance of conventional forces in Europe today than at any time since the war. Moreover, each side is able to inspect each other's forces in Europe, at will, by the laborious processes of secret intelligence. Many of the requirements for a system of arms limitation already exist in Central Europe in practice. What is now required is to formalize and develop this trend with the cooperation of the United Nations.

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The progressive reduction of armaments in Europe under UN control would give the European countries infinitely more security than they enjoy at present, or could hope to achieve if they themselves possessed atomic weapons. And the experience of successful international arms control in the territory of other powers is the only thing which will ever persuade Russia, or even America herself, to open her own frontiers to inspection. In the initial stages a European disarmament system need not affect the present structure of alliances on either side, nor would it remove the confrontation of Soviet and American forces along the Iron Curtain which many people consider the best guarantee of European peace.

In the longer run the growth of mutual confidence might open new possibilities. The essential difference between disarmament and other diplomatic and military techniques is that disarmament, however limited its field, implies cooperation rather than conflict between the parties concerned. It is only by isolating those issues and areas where both sides can recognize sufficient common interest to support cooperation that any progress towards disarmament can be achieved. For the moment, the obvious targets for action are a ban on nuclear tests and regional control of conventional and nuclear armaments in the Middle East and Central Europe.

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Pretensions and Reality

THE OFF-SHORE-ISLANDS crisis has once again emphasized why our China policy weakens rather than strengthens us: even when, as in this case, Peking triggers the crisis, the onus for any conflict attaches to the United States in the eyes of most of the world. This is so for the simple reason that we are officially dedicated to the displacement of the Peking regime. The recent State Department manifesto on China policy declared our intention to "hasten the passing" of the "Communist regime . . . currently in control of mainland China." To be sure, no one (and this must include the Chinese Communists) really believes that we plan to stage an invasion of the mainland. But it is precisely because we do not mean to be taken seriously that we are so foolish to bring on ourselves virtually exclusive blame for the China impasse.

Any change in our China policy must be a gradual process, as we have long argued, beginning with implicit forms of adjustment to the reality of Communist power and arriving only as an incidental matter at the final explicit step of diplomatic recognition. The process would have to be gradual to avoid frantic defection on the part of US-supported governments along the periphery of China—notably those of South Vietnam and South Korea.

Having unnecessarily coupled aid to the governments with our China policy, we would have to make clear, in shifting to a new position, that we remain committed to their economic development and military defense. But the time to begin the process is now—not when the next crisis comes—just as the time to disengage in the specific case of the offshore islands was three years ago at the very latest.

When will we learn how much better it is to disengage ourselves from untenable commitments on our own initiative, at a time of our own choosing, rather than risk the humiliation of disengagement under fire? Certainly Quemoy, like Lebanon, shows that when the pretensions of policy do not correspond to reality we are confronted with excruciating choices which leave us the loser no matter what we do.

Kuwait's Riches

THE ARAB RESOLUTION unanimously adopted by the United Nations on August 21 demonstrated the ability of the Arabs and Nasser to compromise their internal quarrels—and thus to remain independent both of the West and the Soviet Union. The Russians, Mr. Gromyko indicated, did not expect such a demonstration. But can Dulles or Eisenhower claim their landing to save Malik and Chamoun as a master coup when Malik saved his personal position at the first opportunity by withdrawing the Lebanese complaint that brought the US Marines? (Malik is an announced candidate for the presidency of the new General Assembly opening on September 16 and is now said to have guarantees of Arab support.)

What the Arab world has not yet demonstrated is the ability to cooperate in regional economic development which demands, in contrast to the relatively easy terms of political cooperation, that the oil-rich countries give liberally to improve conditions in populous oil-poor states.

Nevertheless the Arabs in their new unity appear determined to give required economic cooperation a try. On November 13, in Cairo, an Arab oil Congress will meet. Present in addition to Saudi Arabia and Iraq will be the sheikdoms of Kuwait and Qatar. The oil companies have also been invited to attend the Congress as observers.

Iraq has already stated a willingness to consider placing some of her oil revenues in an Arab development agency. If so, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and Qatar can be expected to contribute as well. Nasser can see to that. He can bring pressure to bear on the Sheikh of Kuwait to invest in the new agency rather than in British government bonds, as at present, by manipulating the mob or by buying off brothers and cousins. The Sheikh's two recent meetings with Nasser (and pro-Nasser public statements by his deputy ruler) suggest that the Sheikh has already been given fair warning and has, in effect, already capitulated.

While British Government bonds are a better bet than investments in the new Arab bank, comments an observer, "he would rather be the Sheikh of Kuwait with investments in bad bonds than not be the Sheikh and have his money in London."

If the sheiks of Kuwait and Qatar were to invest their surplus in an Arab development bank instead of British bonds, more than $200 million would be available this year. With another $50 million from Iraq and Saudi Arabia (about 10% of their oil revenues) there would be better than a quarter billion dollars this year. In 1966 when production will have doubled, the "surplus" money available for investment regionally will rise to $750 million a year. Given Nasser's new stature in the Arab world, the question no longer is whether this money will be spent regionally, but whether it will be done with US encouragement or opposition or come, as most events in the Middle East, as another "surprise" to the Department of State.

The United States may very well, on the basis of past performance, drift without an oil policy—leaving the companies to get the best terms they can. But we could with initiative at Cairo in November turn Arab thinking into constructive channels. We could, with our British friends, "encourage" the Sheikh of Kuwait to do what he is going to do in any case—invest in an Arab

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development fund. Bushrod Howard, Jr. reports to this journal that when he discussed such a shift in policy last week with Foreign Minister Abdul Jaffar Jomard of Iraq, here for the Un Session, Jomard observed: "Naturally, if the US and Britain were to encourage the Sheikh of Kuwait to invest his surplus monies in an Arab Development Fund we would recognize this as an indication of goodwill through deeds rather than resolutions."

The economic shock and dislocation should the Sheikh cut off his investments in British Government bonds would, however, present grave difficulties for Britain. If we are to expect British acquiescence in a shift of the Sheikh's funds, and if we are to quash British talk of an adventure in the Persian Gulf, the US must be prepared, as it has been pointed out in this journal (*NR*, August 4), to help underwrite the loss of capital—capital which now constitutes an estimated 12 percent of the total available to the British Treasury for sterling area investments.

The Red and the Black

WILLIAM A. BLAKLEY, an Eisenhower Democrat and, according to *Fortune* magazine, one of this nation's 75 wealthiest men, has concluded an unsuccessful try at defeating Senator Ralph Yarborough in the recent Texas Democratic primaries. As all good candidates should, both Blakley and Yarborough have now informed the state of Texas of the extent of their campaign receipts and expenditures. Yarborough, in the time-honored liberal tradition, reported receiving $104,079, spending $166,659 and debts of $42,013. Blakley, who lost by over 200,000 votes, received $298,441 and spent $298,045, leaving him a net profit of $396. The red ink was only in the vote column.

Meyner on the Road

THROUGHOUT his first term Governor Robert B. Meyner, of New Jersey, made it a policy to turn down most out-of-state invitations and stick close to home. His speeches were designed not to alienate the many Republicans and independents who had split their tickets to vote for him along with Eisenhower. These policies continued through the reelection campaign which he won last fall by 200,000 votes: TRB in this journal referred to him as a "Democratic Eisenhower." But when officials of the National Association of County Officials invited Meyner to Portland, Oregon, to address their convention this month, he sought out invitations to speak in key states along the way there and back. And when he appeared at the Party rallies which were arranged in New York, Ohio, West Virginia, Illinois, Minnesota, Wyoming, Oklahoma and California, his message was scarcely bi-partisan. Local papers headlined that "Meyner Rips GOP," "Attacks Sherman Adams," "Says Dulles Should Go."

An AP checkup on the reactions of party leaders in the nine states—with 400 convention votes—he visited were mixed. ("Meyner won bouquets in Ohio, Wyoming, California, Oregon and Oklahoma. But there were also growls in Oregon, and the response in Illinois ranged from cautious to openly critical.") The bouquets came from the states where he was most outspoken—enough to make the bolder Meyner even bolder in the future?

Little Rock

THE Court of Appeals for the Eighth Circuit has stayed its recent decree ordering integration in Central High School in Little Rock. Thus the court has enabled local authorities to plan on reopening the school on an all-white basis. This action, though well within the court's power, to be sure, is demonstrably the grossest kind of judicial error.

Central High School will in the end be directed once more to integrate the races. But, as nobody save Governor Faubus appears fully to understand, time in Little Rock just now is so insistently the first consideration as to be the only one. Hence this action, compounding a tragi-comedy of sloth and fatuousness in the federal government, is a serious setback. Only a very speedy decision by the Supreme Court sitting in the special session so dramatically summoned by Chief Justice Warren can prevent a school that was integrated last year from returning to segregation in September. There is no need to emphasize the ominous significance of judicially-sanctioned backsliding in the face of threatened violence. The courts, as we have said repeatedly, cannot alone solve the problem. But they can quickly render it insoluble if they waver in holding the line.

The mandate of a court, which is to say its formal order directing the parties to act in conformance with that court's previously delivered opinion, will normally be stayed, which is to say held back pending appeal to a higher court, when there remains some chance of reversal, since such a chance makes it unfair to require a change in the status quo only perhaps to have it restored soon after. But in this case, it was Judge Lemley's original order nearly two months ago that would have changed the status quo. Central High School was integrated. The Court of Appeals then overruled Judge Lemley's decree, and the positions of the parties remained unchanged. Only the stay by the Court of Appeals of its own order now enables the parties to change the status quo, only—as surely as day follows night—to have it restored soon after. For no lawyer in his right senses doubts that when

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the case reaches the Supreme Court, Judge Lemley's decree will continue to stand overruled and Central High School will be required to integrate. This is the judicial process turned upside down.

Avalanche in Arlington

UNTIL the Court of Appeals upset Judge Lemley's ruling, Virginia, not Arkansas, was expected to present the noisiest showdown on the opening day of school. With its thousands of Federal employees, Arlington, Virginia, across the Potomac from the Capitol, is enough of a northern city to have its vocal support for less than three dozen Negro school applicants — but enough of a southern city for even this modest prospect to bring threats of a violent September 4.

Acting on Senator Harry F. Byrd's threats of "massive resistance," the Byrd-dominated Virginia Legislature has put on the books a series of laws automatically closing a public school if but one Negro is admitted and cutting off state funds to the affected school area should Governor J. Lindsay Almond reopen an integrated school. Governor Almond has himself pondered publicly a scheme for eliminating any particular class group affected by integration: white and Negro students in any offending class would be ordered to disperse to segregated schools. To the Governor a "little integration" is as much a contradiction in terms as a "little pregnant" or, as he put it, a "small avalanche."

The militant Arlington Defenders of State Sovereignty and Individual Liberties have warned that "no possible maneuver can be overlooked in this second war of the states." Some of the leaders of the Arlington Defenders, observes B'nai B'rith official William Korey, are not averse to suggesting a Jewish villain behind pro-integration forces. Nor do the Defenders hesitate to issue open threats to Negroes and white leaders such as Rev. Ross Weston of the Arlington Unitarian Church. Korey points out that other racist and "hate" groups are also at work in Arlington; John Kasper's Seaboard White Citizens Council has its headquarters in Washington, and there are rumors of the impending arrival of Kasper himself, now that he has been released from the penitentiary.

In Arlington, however, pro-integration forces are neither so weak nor so disorganized as those in most showdown communities. The 3,000-member Committee to Preserve Public Schools includes a wide cross-section of prominent white citizens and groups such as the Council of Churches, the League of Women Voters, and the PTA's. Many supporters of the Committee are "Southern" in their attitude to integration, but are unwilling to see the public schools close down over the five Negro youngsters whose residential status entitles them—beyond legal doubt—to enter Arlington schools this fall, and at the outside, another 26 who have applied for transfer on the basis of certain court rulings. Pro-integration leaders plan to seek a Federal injunction barring Governor Almond from enforcing the new Virginia statutes. But first, to assure the opening of schools on schedule, pending action on their injunction request by a three-judge Federal tribunal, they must obtain a restraining order from Federal Judge Bryan. The judge returns to his bench only two days before school opens. By filing their request more than a week before his return, Arlington leaders hope to head off stalling tactics by state attorneys who will, no doubt, plead surprise and ask for time—time enough for Governor Almond to make good his shutdown threat when five Negroes start that avalanche moving on September 4.

CHINA IS AN ISLAND

***"The State Department intends to continue its non-recognition of Communist China."*—Memorandum to US Embassies, August 12.**

HERE on the map we recognize Formosa,
Formerly an island off the China shore.
The region deeply shaded
Shows where the mainland faded—
Invisibility prevails where China was before.

Old maps outline the littoral of China,
Fukien and Formosa with the Strait between;
This obsolete projection
Now undergoes correction,
From Tongking to Manchuria no landmark can be seen.

Here we may recognize outlying parts of Asia,
South Korea and Vietnam are absolutely clear,
But political erosion
Drowns China in the ocean,
With a consequent extension of the Asian hydrosphere.

Here roll the seas to the frontiers of Mongolia,
Four million miles of solid earth are gone;
Nor can the naked eye now
Identify Shanghai now,
Or Peking or Hankow, or Nanking or Canton.

Here lies Formosa, marked as part of China,
Prior to the period when it melted into air;
But strict non-recognition
Has altered the position
No island can lie off a shore that is no longer there.

HERE would be China, lying off Formosa,
Were it not replaced by an illimitable gap.
Contemporary cartography
Has re-appraised geography,
And continental China is completely off the map.

SAGITTARIUS

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Church and State in Poland

DURING a recent visit to Warsaw, I was struck by the way disputes between the Church and State which are neither new nor dramatic have suddenly taken on an added significance. They have been sharpened at a time when every Pole is anxiously watching for the effect of Hungarian Premier Nagy's execution on Communist leader Gomulka's independent internal policy.

Now Mr. Gomulka seems prepared to risk shattering the agreement his regime worked out with the Catholic Church after the "Polish October" in 1956. The clearest indication came at the end of July when police broke into the monastery at Czestochowa, the most revered Catholic shrine, confiscated "anti-State" literature printed there, and used truncheons freely against the protesting pilgrims. Even after a hastily-summoned meeting of the mixed Church-State Commission seemed to ease the crisis, the Communist press attack on the Primate, Cardinal Wyszynski, and his hierarchy, has continued unabated.

Up to date, both sides have achieved something through their hitherto "peaceful coexistence." The Church has received the minimal rights due it in a country 95 percent Roman Catholic—the voluntary teaching of religion in the primary schools, the free exercise of religion, and Church control over its hierarchy. In return, Cardinal Wyszynski has extended Catholic support for the Polish *raison d'etat*—meaning social stability under a Communist regime to ward off Soviet intervention.

Yet, both sides remain morbidly distrustful of one another, and of the outside "sponsors" each has—the Kremlin and the Vatican. They still cannot agree upon the distribution of the remainder of some $80 million in American gift parcels from the National Catholic Welfare Council (NCWC) which first began arriving last autumn. First, the parcels were imported duty-free under a special license which expired in April, and were distributed by the Church in the local dioceses. However, after April the Government demanded duty, or a share in distributing the gifts. It claimed the clergy had been using the parcels for "political propaganda" among their congregations.

To make matters worse, a representative of the NCWC visited Warsaw in the Spring, and bluntly told the Minister of Welfare that his group did not "trust" the Polish Government. Therefore, all parcels were being addressed to Cardinal Wyszynski for his personal disposal. This honest but tactless statement weakened the Cardinal's negotiating position considerably, for it demonstrably raised the whole issue to a test of political strength between Catholics and Communists.

The Government is also furious about separate Church preparations for the extended celebration of the "Polish millenium"—the thousandth anniversary of the founding of Poland. Since Church and State were founded at approximately the same time in Poland, the two celebrations will run concurrently—between 1958 and 1965.

Cardinal Wyszynski has made the celebrations the occasion for a nine-year novena—which began last year—aimed at resurrecting Catholic morality in Poland. In his own words, he wants a "cross hanging in every Polish home." The Government was already incensed earlier this year when the Primate invited leading lawyers, teachers and other "public servants" to lectures about the demands imposed by Catholic morality.

The Communists regard this as an unpardonable campaign in the political arena forbidden the Church. They maintain that the Catholics have begun a frontal assault on the materialist philosophy of the State, that they want to resurrect Poland as the "shining star" of Roman Catholicism in Central Europe.

In fact, a real struggle for power has now emerged from beneath what both sides previously tried to pretend was manageable ideological conflict. The Communists have intruded with force into the very heart of Roman Catholicism—the shrine at Czestochowa—in order to prove their determination to keep the Church within the narrow secular boundaries assigned it in 1956. It is a defensive—not an offensive—action, for the Communists have been losing ground steadily.

During the past two years of relative freedom, the Catholic Church has once again emerged as the real social force in the country. The Communist Party—disgraced and demoralized by its past "Stalinist" excesses—has become nothing more than a façade behind which Poland masquerades in the Soviet bloc. Given this shifting balance of power—which even Communists in Poland admit—the Catholic Church cannot be expected to accept passively the artificial limitations imposed upon it.

THE ONE encouraging sign is that neither side *wants* an open break. Although Gomulka has served notice that he is prepared for a return to religious warfare rather than to accept the slow drift toward abdication of real power, he says he is still ready to abide by the limited agreement of 1956. The Catholics have given in somewhat, although they cannot accept the permanence of that agreement. They have agreed to submit their "political" literature to state censorship, and to remove Church printing machines from consecrated ground—which, in theory, should remove the cause of the trouble at Czestochowa.

Yet, the struggle continues, and in an increasingly combustible atmosphere. The great danger is that each side will be drawn into an all-out conflict—to the detriment of their basic self-interest—through outside pressure and a series of misunderstood internal maneuvers.

GEORGE SHERMAN

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The Superficial Aspect

Gentlemen's Agreement

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S first attempt to shoot the moon, like that of his army engineers, went phut! His six-stage proposal to bring order out of the chaos of the Middle East didn't even make 50,000 feet; in fact, it didn't get off the launching pad. Now the only interest attaching to the adventure is, how are they going to cover up that one?

The failure was due, of course, to the fact that Ike didn't put any fuel, liquid or solid, into the thing, but simply stuffed it with old straw—the kind of thinking that Acheson, or even Hull, tried out and found wanting years ago.

Take, for example, the proposals that the United Nations prop up Lebanon and Jordan—what are they but invitations to the rest of the world to imitate our experience with Chiang Kai-shek? Jordan, at least, as an independent nation is as artificial a creation as Formosa. To invite intelligent people to accompany us in another such adventure is to sing the refrain of a ditty popular a generation ago: "I'm going crazy—don't you want to come along?"

Then that proposal for a United Nations police force goes back away beyond Roosevelt—certainly as far back as Woodrow Wilson's Article X, some say as far back as the Duc de Sully, who died in 1641. Perhaps it will come some time in the future and so, we hope, will the New Jerusalem, but we can't rent office space there yet.

There was, however, one stage of the Eisenhower rocket that was really loaded, although to this superficial observer it looks like a load that would backfire with dreadful effect. This was the proposal that the United Nations should undertake to suppress inflammatory propaganda in the Middle East.

It is hard to see how this can be construed as anything less than an offer by the President of the United States to surrender the first article of the Bill of Rights. What is the difference between inflammatory propaganda and preaching the gospel to the heathen? It depends on whether the decision is made by the Emperor Nero or by Saint Peter. Nero made the decision in the First Century and the saint was crucified. It was a matter of several hundred years before the world decided that the saint should have made the decision and the emperor should have been executed.

To avoid repeating that error we have decreed that Congress shall make no law abridging freedom of speech or the press. Now the President of the United States suggests that the United Nations should, in effect, make a law doing just that. Apparently Eisenhower hasn't seen, can't see, and never will see that if the United Nations has the slightest right to gag Nasser it has exactly the same right to gag Dulles.

This is what comes of making a professional soldier President of the United States.

All a professional soldier's training is designed to inculcate prompt and unquestioning obedience to the orders of higher authority.

All civilian American training is against prompt and unquestioning obedience to orders from any authority.

It follows that a man highly trained to act in one capacity is by his very training incapacitated to act in the other. Experience bears this out. We have had several successful Presidents who have been soldiers; but Washington and Jackson were no more than amateur soldiers. As a rule, a politician general is a bad general; and a military politician is usually a bad politician. Prior to Eisenhower, the only professional soldier we have made President was Grant, undoubtedly the worst President, except Harding, the country ever had.

But even Grant never suggested surrendering the Bill of Rights; it remained for the second soldier-President to do that.

HOW the one-party press and the Ike-idolaters will cover up that one remains to be seen; but never doubt that they will do it. Probably the technique will be a gentlemen's agreement of silence; we will all just forget that Eisenhower ever said it, just as we have conveniently forgotten the resemblance between Sherman Adams' $400 vicuna coat and the $40,000 equipment for the Gettysburg farm.

Unfortunately, however, in this instance the gentlemen's agreement doesn't go far enough because the world is full of people who are not by the current definition gentlemen—foreigners, for instance. A loud chorus, led by *The Manchester Guardian*, has been clamoring against any talks at the summit until the Americans get somebody who can talk, not merely burble like Eisenhower. Undoubtedly the same people will fall upon this new goof with cries of exasperation, and echoes of the same will drift back to this country. The cover-up boys have their work cut out for them, and the way they handle the job will doubtless be highly instructive, as well as amusing.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

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Praise Me, And I Will Whistle To You

by ROBERT GRAVES

IT IS SURPRISING how much excitement has been caused, and how much ignorance shown, in the poltergeist case reported this March from the six-roomed, ranch-style Long Island home of James Hermann and his family of three. (1638 Redwood Avenue, Seaford, is the address.) Bottles containing such varied liquids as peroxide, nail-polish remover, bleach, and holy water blew their screwed tops; a plate was snatched from the table at dinner; a plaster statuette of the Virgin flew off a dresser, knocking down a wedding picture and alighting on a table; a large terrestrial globe was carried some 15 feet; a heavy book-case containing a 25-volume encyclopedia was found up-ended and tightly wedged between a radiator and the corner of a bed.

Joseph Tozzi, a Nassau County police detective, came to investigate. While acquitting the children, a 12-year-old boy and a 13-year-old girl, of complicity, since neither of them had been present during some of the manifestations, he remained nonplussed. Next, Dr. J. Gaither Pratt, Assistant Director of the Parapsychology Laboratory at Duke University, arrived to assist Detective Tozzi; but what new light could parapsychology shed on this ancient and well-known phenomenon—unless perhaps an infra-red camera might see more than the limited human eye? (Dogs' eyes, by the way, are said to register infra-red rays; and also at times to follow, terror-stricken, the passage of otherwise invisible presences.) The manifestations temporarily ceased, but started up again as soon as Dr. Pratt had left the house. The Hermanns then called in Father William McLeod, a Roman Catholic priest, who blessed all six rooms but failed to lay the poltergeist. He said he would apply to the Bishop for permission to exorcise it.

The *poltergeist* (German for "noisy ghost") occasionally satisfies itself with mere knocks, raps and groans but, as a rule, also tosses furniture and crockery about: not throwing such things in a straight arc but carrying them, with a swerve or wobble, often around corners, at a moderate speed.

A useful rule for investigators is "*Cherchez l'enfant!*," since in nearly every case an adolescent has become the poltergeist's unwitting agent; and the charming innocence of his (or her) own activities tends to disarm suspicion. Yet the phenomena are always such as would please a naughty child. Most poltergeists show a dislike of religious objects, priests and parents, and do a great deal of haphazard destruction; nevertheless serious injury to human beings or animals seldom occurs.

The precise means by which a possessed child—more rarely an adult woman—conveys a large object through the air without handling it or even being present in the room, cannot be discovered; and some of the objects seem beyond the child's physical strength to lift. This does not, however, worry me as an intellectual problem; we know so little about the human brain and body, anyhow. When I once saw a poltergeist knock the shade off a table lamp within a few feet of where I stood, it certainly gave me quite a turn; yet other equally startling phenomena—levitation, second sight and ghostly visitations of the unpleasant sort called *taradh* by the Scots—happen often enough to carry statistical conviction. The appearance of a real poem is among the strangest of all such happenings and, of course, real poems do get written. But real poems are different and unique; whereas all poltergeists everywhere show an appalling sameness of behavior; humorless, pointless, uncoordinated.

The apparent rarity of American poltergeists surprises me. Can the climate be responsible? Throughout Europe, where poltergeists have so often played havoc both in famous or well-to-do homes and obscure or poor ones, they are accepted casually enough as well-known nuisances of no great duration. It would never occur to anyone this side of the Atlantic that the hauntings could possibly be caused by radio waves—a theory which led RCA Communications to operate high-frequency receivers at Seaford "lest any unusual or phenomenal signals might be passing through the area." Or that the explanation might be found in a freak magnetic field caused

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ROBERT GRAVES, *versatile British man of letters, was elected a fellow in the Royal Anthropological Society for his research in pre-Christian myths.*

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when jet planes flew over a deposit of water deep under the Hermann house; as Robert E. Zider of the Brookhaven National Laboratory surmised. Not that all poltergeists are genuine: a good many are certainly fraudulent, and some genuine cases are muddied by fraudulent interference, as seems to have happened at Ringcroft in 1695—the earliest British poltergeist authenticated by signed evidence from a number of reputable witnesses.

The printed account is headed:

> A True Relation of an Apparition, Expressions and Actings of a Spirit which infested the House of Andrew Mackie in Ringcroft of Stocking in the Parish of Rerwick, in the stewardship of Kirdcudbright in Scotland, 1695, by Mr. Alexander Telfair, Minister of that Parish and attested by many other persons, who were also eye and ear witnesses.

As a good Christian, the Rev. Alexander Telfair never doubted that the poltergeist was an evil spirit, and in a foreword to his *Relation*, he rails against atheists who, denying the existence of spirits or devils, dare "impute their actions to the melancholic disturbance of the brains in those who pretend to hear, see or feel them." The *Relation* unfortunately omits some particulars of importance, which inquisitive atheists might have gone into, but on the whole the minister has done pretty well. He starts by recording that Andrew Mackie, a stone-mason by trade, had allegedly dedicated his first child to the Devil when he took the oath as a free-mason; but that Mackie denied taking any such oath and that nothing was known to his moral discredit. Mackie kept good company, behaved honestly, spoke civilly and, when the hauntings began, joined devoutly in the prayers offered to abate them. Nor had any charge been raised against his wife or children as somehow implicated in the sorry business. Also, when charged to declare whether it were true that a woman of evil reputation, since dead, had once left a sack of clothes at his house, and that her friends later accused him of withholding some of these, Mackie and his wife both denied any knowledge of the sack's contents; they had handed it over to the woman's friends without examining it. This seemed to be the truth.

There was also a story told about an earlier tenant of Ringcroft, one Macnaught, the victim of constant ill-luck. He sent his son to a witch-woman who lived by Routing Bridge at Irongray, asking whether a spell had been cast on the house, but the son joined a party of soldiers on their way to Marlborough's army in Flanders, and never came back with the answer. Some years later, a Rerwick man named John Redick met young Macnaught overseas. They fell into conversation, and when Redick announced that he was soon sailing for home, young Macnaught begged him to visit his father, or whoever might be living in Ringcroft, with a message: namely, that until a tooth buried underneath the threshold were removed and burned, none who lived in the house would ever thrive.

Redick, on his return, learned that old Macnaught was dead and the widow gone away. So he said nothing to anyone about the tooth until the hauntings began during Mackie's tenancy. He then confided the story to the minister alone. The intermediate tenant had been Thomas Telfair who, somehow hearing of the spell, raised the threshold stone one day and discovered underneath something resembling a tooth. When burned, it blazed up like tallow. Telfair, examined by the minister, said that even after comparing the tooth with those of a man, a horse, a cow and a sheep, he could not identify it; but that his action had, at all events, freed the house of ill-luck.

The new hauntings started in February, 1695. Andrew Mackie kept some calves tied to stakes in a stable; and every morning found their halters snapped. At first he thought that the calves had grown restive, and tied them up more securely with withies; but they always broke free again. Suspecting malice on the part of a neighbor, he removed the calves elsewhere, yet the next morning he came upon one of them so tightly bound with a hair-tether to the back-wall of the house that its feet only just reached the ground. Soon afterwards a huge basketful of peat was piled at night on his living-room floor, and set ablaze. The smoke woke the family. Nothing was seen or heard which might have explained the incident.

On March 7, stones began mysteriously flying about the house, and continued to do so for the next four days and nights; especially the nights.

On the evening of Saturday, March 9, when the family came home from the fields, the children were

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startled by what looked like a figure sitting at the fireside, clothed in a blanket. The youngest child, a boy of nine or ten, reproved the other two with: "Why are you afeared? Let us sain [bless] ourselves, and then there is no ground to fear it." Suddenly he recognized the blanket as his own, crossed himself, and crying that whatever the apparition might be, it must not borrow his property, ran forward and pulled the blanket away. All was well: someone had merely placed a four-legged stool upside-down on the settle and draped the blanket over it.

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On Sunday, March 11, the hook and chain from which the Mackies' cooking pot hung were stolen from the chimney, and discovered, four days later, hidden in a loft—though this had already been searched several times. (*Witnesses:* Charles Maclellan of Collins and John Cairns.)

Mackie reported his troubles to the minister that same day at the Church door after the sermon; and on March 14, the minister visited Ringcroft, where he stayed for a considerable time and prayed twice. Nothing disturbed him. However, as he stood talking to some men by the barn-end of the house, two pebbles dropped on the roof. Someone then shouted from inside that matters were as bad as ever, so he re-entered and went on with his prayers. Several small stones hit him, but did no damage.

Little of importance happened until Sunday, March 18. Trouble then began in earnest, with larger stones more frequently thrown. This continued for three days. Witnesses agreed that the stones had not half their natural weight when they struck, and that more were flung on Sundays than on weekdays, but oftenest at the prayer-leader.

On March 21, the minister went to Ringcroft again and stayed most of the night. He was pelted with stones and other objects, and whacked loudly several times on the shoulders with a heavy stick. The side of a bed flew off, and knocks sounded from the chests and tables as if someone were demanding entrance. (*Witnesses:* Charles Maclellan, William Mackminn and John Tait.) That same night, as the minister leaned praying at a bedside, he felt a pressure on his arm and, looking around, observed a little white hand and arm from the elbow down. It soon vanished. This was the sole occasion on which anyone saw the spirit in human shape; except that a friend of Andrew Mackie's claimed to have once seen it as a boy about 14 years old, dressed in grey, and wearing a bonnet—who soon likewise vanished.

Matters grew still worse on March 22. Not only the family but curious neighbors were pelted with stones and beaten with sticks, so that a few of them had to retire in disappointment. (*Witnesses:* Charles Maclellan and Andrew Tait.) Among those attacks as they approached through the yard, and again as they left, was Thomas Telfair, the former tenant. Andrew Mackie sustained a slight cut on his forehead, and had his shoulder thrust at with a stick. When he paid no attention, something gripped him by the hair, and he could feel finger nails scratching his scalp. Several visitors were dragged around the living-room by their clothes. (*Witness:* Andrew Tait.) A miller from Auchencairn named Keige was seized so violently that he begged his neighbors for assistance, yelling that the spirit would tear his side out. When night came, the bed-clothes floated off the sleeping children, and they were beaten on the hips by an invisible hand; everyone in the house heard the slaps. A door-bar and other objects would now sail through the doorway as though an invisible person went out carrying them in his hand. (*Witnesses:* John Telfair in Auchenlech, and others.) A stick rattled loudly on the chests and bedsides. These manifestations continued for 11 days; so did the former stone-throwing and beating with sticks.

On April 3, whistling was heard, and a voice that said *"Whisht, whisht!"* (*Witness:* Andrew Tait.)

On April 4, Charles Maclellan of Colline, the landlord, accompanied by Andrew Mackie, took a report of the hauntings to a meeting of several ministers at Buittle. The ministers thereupon offered public prayers for the Mackie family; and two of them, the Rev. Andrew Ewart, of Kells, and the Rev. John Murdo, of Crossmichael, visited Ringcroft and spent the night there in prayer and fasting. They were, however, pelted with stones, some of them weighing seven pounds. The Rev. Andrew Ewart lost a good deal of blood from two head wounds, and had his wig snatched off while praying; on another occasion he happened to be holding out a napkin between his two hands, when a stone dropped into the napkin and flew off with it. The Rev. John Murdo was struck several times, as was everyone else present. That night, during prayers, a flaming peat fell among the gathering, but did no damage. When the company rose from their knees at dawn, stones came pouring down. (*Witnesses:* Revs. Andrew Ewart and John Murdo; Charles Maclellan and John Tait.)

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On April 5, some thatching straw caught alight in the barnyard, and at night the gathering of neighbors was constantly pelted. Mackie and his wife went out into the yard to fetch peat, but as she returned the broad threshold stone moved under her. Since it had never been loose before, she decided to examine it next morning.

On April 6, while the house was quiet for awhile, she lifted the stone, and beneath it found a soiled paper package containing seven small, bloody bones with flesh adhering to them: the blood was new and bright. This scared her: she put back the package, and ran for help to Charles Maclellan's house, a quarter of a mile off. The children reported, on her return, that the spirit had meanwhile thrown a red-hot stone into the bed between

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two of them, burning a hole through the clothes. The eldest boy removed it, but more than an hour and a half later it was still too hot for Charles Maclellan to handle; or so he said. "Fire-balls" had also flown in and around the house, yet set nothing alight; and a stick, thrust through the lath-and-plaster wall above the bed, had been shaken at them to the sound of groans. When Charles Maclellan came to Ringcroft and knelt down to pray, stones were flung at him most cruelly. However, as soon as he lifted the package from the hole everything grew quiet. He sent the package to the minister, who at once visited the house and prayed again. Large stones hit him, though harmlessly; no further trouble occurred that night. . . .

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On the morning of April 8, Andrew Mackie found a letter in the farmyard, written and sealed with blood. The back carried this message:

> Three years thou shalt have to repent a nett [and know] it well!

Inside he read:

> Woe be to thee Scotland Repent and tak warning for the doors of haven ar all Redy bart [Heaven are already barred] against thee, I am sent for a Warning to thee to flee to God yet troublt shall this man be for 20 days repent repent repent Scotland or else thou shall . . .

Here the warning broke off. A secret murder being now suspected, the civil magistrate ordered all persons who had lived at Ringcroft since it was built, 28 years previously, to appear before Charles Maclellan and the minister: they had to touch the bones in proof of their innocence. All passed the ordeal without flinching.

Between April 11 and April 25, the hauntings grew even worse.

On the evening of April 26 stones flew as usual, and several knocks sounded from a chest, as though someone were asking for admittance. Then a voice was heard saying: "You are all witches and rooks [ruffians], whom I shall take to Hell!"

The company decided that if the ghost had any message to give, now was the time: so they awakened the sleeping Andrew Mackie, who heard a voice saying: "Thou shalt be troubled till Tuesday."

He asked boldly: "Who gave thee this commission?"

The reply came: "God gave me a commission, and I am sent to warn the land to repent; for a judgment is to come, if the land do not quickly repent!"

The voice further ordered Mackie to spread this message, or it would be the worse for him, adding: "And if the land do not repent, I will arise and go to my father, from whom I shall get a commission to return with an hundred worse than myself. Then will we trouble every particular family in the land!"

Mackie turned to his companions saying: "If I should tell this, I would not be believed!"

The voice answered: "Bring betters: fetch the minister of the parish and two honest men upon Tuesday's night, and I shall declare before them what I have to say." Then, changing its tone, it continued: "Praise me, and I will whistle to you; worship me, and I will trouble you no more!"

Mackie cried: "The Lord who delivered the three children out of the fiery furnace, deliver me and mine this night from the temptations of Satan!"

The voice sneered: "You might as well have said 'Shadrach, Meshach, Abednego'."

Another member of the Telfair clan, James Telfair in Buittle, interrupted Mackie when he was justifying his scriptural use of the word "children," but the voice reproved him: "You are basely bred, meddling in other men's discourses wherein you are not concerned!"

Then it warned Mackie: "Remove the goods, for I will burn the house!"

Mackie prayed: "The Lord stop Satan's fury and hinder him of his designs!"

But the voice had the last word: "I will do it or [unless] you shall guide [manage the affair] well!"

On April 27, the house caught fire several times.

On Sunday, April 28, fresh attempts at arson were made from dawn to dusk; as soon as the flames had been extinguished in one part of the house, another part caught. The end wall then collapsed; so the family moved to the stable, where they cooked their meal. That night, one of the children felt himself seized by the neck and shoulders and hauled out of bed. A tree trunk as big as a plough-beam rose in the air above the three of them, and a voice cried: "If I had a commission I would brain them!" (*Witnesses:* William Macminn and John Crosby.)

On April 29, fire broke out in the house so often that Andrew Mackie grew weary of quenching it, and poured water on the hearth; so that the nearest source of fire was Colline, a quarter of a mile off. Yet flames continued to spring up.

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About noon, as Mackie was threshing in the barn, he heard a whisper from the wall: "Andrew, Andrew!"

Mackie made no answer.

The voice, now austere and angry, cried: "Speak!"

Mackie remained silent.

The voice then said mildly: "Be not troubled! Thou shalt have no more trouble except some casting of stones upon Tuesday, to fulfill the promise. . . . Take away your straw!"

At 11 p.m., the minister visited the house and as he sat down by the hearth, two pebbles dropped beside him; but the spirit did not keep its promised appointment. Though a last attempt was made to fire the house, noth-

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ing else happened. He went home again at about three o'clock the next morning. Stones started flying once more after he left.

On the night of Tuesday, April 30, while Charles Maclellan and several neighbors knelt at prayer in the barn, barley chaff, with other refuse, was thrown in their faces and some of them were gripped so tightly by the arms and other parts of the body that they still felt sore five days later. Charles Maclellan claims to have seen a black, formless, cloudlike apparition in a corner, which grew and grew until it threatened to fill the entire barn; everyone was terrified. (*Witnesses:* Charles Maclellan, Thomas Macminn, Andrew Paline, John Cairns and John Tait.)

The trouble died down before midnight; and that was the end of it forever—except that on the following night, Wednesday, May 1, the sheepcote caught fire and burned down. The sheep were saved.

Since Scotland was riddled with witchcraft in the 16th and 17th Centuries, we need hardly question the possibility of that tooth having been buried under the threshold by old Macnaught's ill-wishers; and it looks as if his soldier son knew of the plot. Why else did he not return to Ringcroft after consulting the witch-wife, or at least write home to report her alleged warning? Thomas Telfair, the next tenant, lived there without being haunted, and though we are not told in what circumstances he relinquished it, there is no evidence that he bore Andrew Mackie any grudge. The incident of a sackful of clothes left in Mackie's custody by a woman of evil reputation—a witch?—but how, or why?—and her friends' later accusation that he had robbed them, was brought up to account for the malice of the hauntings, which might have been caused by her aggrieved spirit. The minister, however, did not think that there was anything in this theory.

Though the Ringcroft poltergeist's normal horseplay has a good deal in common with the Seaford poltergeist's, it must be distinguished from such uncharacteristic features as the package of bones and flesh which Mrs. Mackie found (and was perhaps intended to find) under the loose threshold stone; also from the tricks played on the farm animals; and from the religious warning written in blood; and from the eloquent voices said to have been heard in the house and barn.

Cherchez l'enfant! Yet so little suspicion attached to Mackie's three children that two of their names remain unrecorded, and we are not told even the sex of the middle one; though he is likely to have been a boy, since he shared a bed with two brothers. Mackie was, however, popularly accused of being a free-mason and of having devoted John, his first-born son, to the Devil when he took the Masonic oath; which suggests that Rerwickers found something sinister in John Mackie's behavior. It should be remembered here that all this took place a generation before the reform of Masonry, at a time when the craft was still confined to practicing masons and so violently anti-ecclesiastical that Kirke, in his *Secret Republic,* identified it with the witch cult. Mackie's denial of having taken the Masonic oath means nothing, either one way or another. He may not have joined the craft; but if he had, would hardly have ventured to reveal his membership, even on the gallows. And though we may confidently assume that one of the children acted as the unconscious agent of the poltergeist, which of them was it? I should guess the second one, if only because nothing particular is told about him.

Witnesses to the mysterious flight of stones—from pebbles to 60-pound boulders, a stone trough weighing more than 300 pounds, a plough share, a spade, and other heavy objects—include the five local ministers who sign the report. All agree that the missiles landed with so little impetus that they seemed only half their true weight, and did no harm worth mentioning: even when a seven-pound stone struck one of the ministers on the breast as he preached, and a 30-pound one fell on his back. The source of the stones appears to have been the end wall of the house, to which the barn was attached; because this wall eventually collapsed. A not unparalleled phenomenon was that many people were gripped around the waist, caught by the hair, or hoisted from the floor. Raps, groans and the inarticulate noises here transcribed as "whisht, whisht!," "bo-bo!" and "kick-cuck!" are characteristic of poltergeists.

As for the uncharacteristic spoken threats: the main witnesses to these were John Tait in Torr and Charles Maclellan of Colline—sometimes called simply "Colline," because he was the local laird. They even attest words which apparently Mackie alone heard; and which Mackie has refrained from confirming. The only other witnesses to the poltergeist's articulate speech are William Macminn and John Crosby: when once, on a Sunday night, it pulled one child out of bed and threatened them all with a log as big as a plough-beam, Macminn and Crosby report it as saying: "If I had a commission I would brain them." The poltergeist did not, however, address this remark directly to the children; and perhaps one of the men, seeing a heavy log poised above them, cried out in alarm: "Nay, the spirit has no commission to harm an innocent child!" Because the poltergeist had already been credited with discussing commissions in a human voice, and was probably making its usual whistling, bo-bo and kick-cuck noises, the frightened men may well have put their own comments into its mouth.

If one classifies the manifestations, they fall into three distinct kinds: practical jokes; poltergeist hauntings; and threats, combined with exhortations to repentance. The sequence began with practical jokes. First the halters of

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Mackie's young cattle were broken at night; next, a calf was tied to the wall of the house so that its feet only just touched the ground; then a basket of smouldering peats was placed in the middle of the kitchen. The arrangement of a blanketed stool on the fireside settle, to make it look like a shrouded figure, seems the work of the same hand; so does the hiding of the pot-hook. Neither Mackie, nor his wife (who would have been as annoyed by the loss of her pot-hook as he by the treatment of his animals) falls under suspicion; yet only a member of the family could have played these tricks without attracting notice, or being barked at by the house dog. John Mackie, the eldest son, is a likely culprit.

Andrew Lang, who wrote the long and well-documented article on poltergeists in the *Encyclopedia Britannica,* notes that the phenomena are often brought on by a severe emotional shock: for instance, in a case reported from Bargarran, only two years after the Ringcroft hauntings, a girl named Christine Shaw had been three times cursed by a witch-woman, who "prayed that her soul might be hurled through Hell." Christine's symptoms included levitation. At Great Grimsby in East Anglia, as late as 1901, a poltergeist developed from a similar threat, but confined itself mainly to stone-throwing. Whether one of the Mackie children had been threatened by a witch, perhaps in revenge for his parents' theft of the dead woman's belongings, or whether the first three practical jokes were enough to unsettle him emotionally, does not matter much. Certainly the jokes preceded the poltergeist, though they continued to be played from time to time throughout the haunting. The same trickster may have buried the bones beneath the threshold. If John Mackie, he knew of the tooth found there by Thomas Telfair. The remains were probably those of a dead lamb.

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Charles Maclellan and John Tait came on the scene early, and experienced the stone-throwing and rapping. If asked to guess the authors of the "Repent, repent!" messages fathered on the poltergeist, I should point confidently at Maclellan. Like the minister, he believed the poltergeist to be an evil spirit, and seems to have taken advantage of its only too evident activities for setting on foot a nationwide evangelical campaign. We need not speculate whether he projected the message by ventriloquism, used a disguised voice in the darkness, or spoke through a chink in the wall. Everyone was so scared that deception would have been easy enough. The poltergeist's petulant remark, that James Telfair was "basely bred" for butting into a conversation, could hardly have come from any other member of the company but the laird of Colline. At all events, the letter reads like the composition of a single-minded, semi-educated religious man, incapable of burying bones under the threshold or playing witch-tricks on the cattle.

Since the poltergeist itself could neither have written the letter, nor buried the bones, nor woven those straw ropes, three separate people were, I think, involved but uncollusively. Ministers, strangers, and Mackie himself bore the brunt of the attacks; the children, except for the doubtful case of a loud spanking on the hips one night, escaped. The hot stone that burned through the bedclothes between the two youngest could have been John Mackie's practical joke; we are told that he removed the stone afterwards. It seems established that the poltergeist played about with burning peats; but probably John also indulged in arson, armed with a tinder-box, since on April 19 his father put out every fire in the house, but to no avail. The stones pitched through a hole in the thatch were perhaps John's further contribution to the fun: because when the ministers posted two watchers outside the house, stone-throwing ceased. An unnamed friend of Mackie's claims to have glimpsed the poltergeist in the form of a 14-year-old boy wearing grey clothes and a bonnet; but does not say where. Perhaps this was the occasion.

☆

There remains the mystery of the small white hand and arm which the minister saw early in March. Poltergeists do not thus reveal themselves; so maybe he had prayed himself to sleep, and the nine-year-old-boy, feeling frightened, wrapped himself in a blanket for warmth, stole up through the darkness and touched his shoulder; but then fled when the minister awoke with a yell of alarm.

Why did the hauntings cease? Perhaps Charles Maclellan, as soon as the message of repentance had gained wide enough currency, chose to end his campaign by promising Mackie, in the spirit's name, only 20 more days of trouble, and allowing Scotland three years to repent of her sins. This being accepted by the neighbors as a genuine undertaking, the boy who was the poltergeist's agent will have been unconsciously influenced to desist when the 20 days ended. And John, reckoning that he could not hope to escape discovery, if he continued his jokes once the spirit had vanished, indulged himself once more, just after the promised date, by burning down a sheepcote. The sheep were saved; for John would inherit the stock on his father's death, whereas the sheepcote belonged to Maclellan. I do not know whether it is relevant to the story that this final Tuesday of the haunting was May Eve, a feast celebrated by witches all over the British Isles.

Cases are known in which a poltergeist's agent, not realizing his own occult power, secretly throws things about by hand, to increase the confusion; so a single boy may have caused all the mischief at Ringcroft. However, that two of them were independently at work seems a more acceptable solution of the problem.

It is not known what happened to the Mackies; but Scotland had certainly failed to repent by 1699. Will Seaford have repented by 1961, I wonder?

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BOOKS & COMMENT

Arms and Man in the Nuclear-Rocket Era

by James E. King, Jr.

LT. GEN. JAMES M. GAVIN, author of *War and Peace in the Space Age*, a pioneer paratrooper and World War II commander of the 82nd Airborne Division, resigned from the United States Army and from his position as Director of Army Research and Development last spring as a result of his disenchantment with the national defense policies of the Eisenhower Administration. He is a "big army man." But this phrase does not fully describe his unique appraisal of the arms race. On the whole, he is inclined to take it in stride. He implies that the transition from chemical to nuclear military explosive power, though a great deal more rapid, is of a piece with the progress of the military arts into the age of gunpowder and TNT. Obviously fascinated by the technical military opportunities opened up by the jet-rocket-electronic-nuclear technological advance, he is at least refreshingly indisposed to regard these developments as pro-West. He does not believe, for example, that nuclear weapons offer the non-Communist world a money-saving way to stalemate superior Communist military manpower. Quite the contrary, he insists that the nuclear battlefield will require more, not fewer, troops. Consequently, he regards our commitment to the employment of nuclear weapons in any future war not as a decision forced upon us by our own unwillingness to match the Russians in precious (and expensive) manpower, but by the fact that *the use of nuclear weapons is an advantage to the Communists* that we must expect them to seize upon—leaving us, of course, no alternative but to follow suit.

Gavin holds out no hope that we can regain our military predominance and thereby "win" the arms race. He does suggest that we can make a superior adaptation to it by taking advantage of the opportunities it affords. It is his conviction that the laurels belong to the side that is more daring in its "tactical innovations." He points out that victory in the history of war has as often gone to the more skillful as to the stronger. Rather unexpectedly (he was not known in the Pentagon as an advocate of preparation for limited war), he devotes considerable space to the problem of wars that are less than global.

His ideas in this connection seem to have been greatly influenced by Dr. Henry A. Kissinger, whose book, *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy*, was a best-selling argument for limited nuclear war a few months ago. Gavin agrees with Kissinger that because of the national preoccupation with "massive retaliation" to deter major aggression and thereby prevent war we have neglected to prepare ourselves adequately for lesser threats and are thus likely to be outfaced in Cold War crises that are "not worth" a global war.

But Gavin is much more interested in war in what he calls the "space age," which he defines as falling in the "early sixties" or "by 1965." And he conceives this as a war in which the whole world has become a single *tactical* theatre. As the word "tactical" refers to the conduct of battle, this means that the earth itself has become a global nuclear battlefield. Forward military elements in this battle will consist of armored divisions and "sky cavalry" (a favorite Gavin concept which for some reason, probably the haste in which the book was put together, he never clearly spells out), armed with "shoulder-fired" nuclear weapons as well as conventional TNT. These forward elements will be protected by anti-air and anti-missile rockets with nuclear warheads, and supported by rocket-propelled nuclear missiles of various ranges, the medium and heavy missile "artillery" being emplaced 500 to 1500 (or more) miles from the point of contact with enemy ground troops. In this situation what we have called "strategic" weapons—namely, the jet bombers that the Air Force now has and the long-range missiles it will eventually have—become merely long-range "tactical" weapons, their mission being to destroy the other side's long-range delivery means.

Some parts of the imaginative picture of the "earth war" in the "space age" are fuzzy. For example, Gavin states flatly that surface-to-air missiles, particularly those armed with nuclear warheads, will shortly drive manned aircraft from the battlefield. At the same time, however, he seems to assume that his airborne "sky cavalry" will be able to move about the battlefield with comparative facility.

SUCH points of technical (or "tactical") detail are of less interest to the general reader, however, than the question: what happens to the belligerents, to civilization, to humanity itself, in Gavin's "earth war"? When the whole world becomes a single tactical theater, what happens to mankind? General Gavin does not raise the question, though he says that when "tactical nuclear weapons will be in every echelon of the military establishment . . . the West will need ten times the ten thousand figure of tactical weapons that has been frequently quoted." It may, perhaps, be inferred that he is really no more convinced than the reader is likely to be that society *can* survive on a nuclear battlefield. He is fascinated by the military possibilities and challenges of the "space age," but when he looks at the consequence of exploiting these possibilities, of meeting these challenges with "tactical innovations," he turns desperately in search of a god in the machine to dispel

War and Peace in the Space Age, by Lt. Gen. James M. Gavin, USA (ret.) (Harper; $5). *1970 Without Arms Control*, by the National Planning Association Special Project Committee on Security through Arms Control (published in Washington by the Association; $1.25). *The Great Arms Race*, by Hanson W. Baldwin (Praeger; $2.95). *Victory Without War*, by George Fielding Eliot (US Naval Institute; $2). *Inspection for Disarmament*, edited by Seymour Melman (Columbia; $6). *The Arms Race*, by Philip Noel-Baker (Oceana; $6).

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the intellectual and moral nightmare he has made for himself. Accordingly, he looks to the United Nations to save humanity from its follies.

ONE thing we expect of writers on national security and the arms race, aside from the information they give us, is a clear picture of their understanding of what it is all about. Without this we find it difficult to determine their position in the current debates, and difficult to understand why they recommend the actions they do recommend. We want to know, for example, how they stand on the general question of the role of military violence in international relations and whether they believe that this role has been, or must be, altered by the advent of nuclear weapons. We do not get a clear picture from General Gavin. His bold insights suggest considerations that ought to be included in an appraisal of the arms race, but he himself comes to no consistent conclusion about the nature of the race. The reader may take it from him that, as the President once said, "nuclear weapons are just like bullets," or he may conclude that war in the nuclear age must be limited if we are to survive, or he may gather that nuclear war cannot be limited. Although the reader will note occasional references to limited war, "nuclear or non-nuclear," he will find no suggestion (or awareness) that one way to limit war, and one that might, in conceivable circumstances, make war a more fitting instrument of national policy, is to keep it non-nuclear. General Gavin insists that by being bolder and more original in our "tactical" thinking and planning we can devise a force that has a good chance of success on a nuclear battlefield—even against superior forces, as the German "blitz" attack knifed through superior French forces in the spring of 1940. He seems to consider this an alternative to recovering our military predominance by "winning" the arms race. He must be aware, however, that those who place their hope in a national policy of "deterrence" will be unable to accept his alternative— there being little "deterrent" mileage in a superiority that has to be demonstrated in the very battle you wanted to deter.

I have not dwelt upon General Gavin's answer to the standing question of how we are "doing" in the arms race because this has been fully publicized by the daily press. For the benefit of those who are returning from newsless vacations, it may be said that he believes we are falling disastrously and inexcusably behind. As for what we should do to make up the ground we have lost in the arms race, General Gavin refers approvingly to studies and opinions indicating that we can afford to spend more for defense without endangering our economy. He agrees with the Rockefeller Report (and with what we have heard about the Gaither Committee Report) that we can and must spend more, work harder, and—above all—make up our minds faster (that is, reduce the "lead times" in the development of military hardware), because only by running desperately enough can we hope to keep abreast of the Russians. Ultimately, as mentioned earlier, he hopes for a *political* solution through the UN to terminate the arms race and to redirect our technological genius into more constructive channels, notably the conquest of space.

There is, of course, a great deal more to this fascinating book, which seems a sure bet for the best-seller lists. General Gavin is an attractive personality, and the sections that deal with his boyhood and military experience are most ingratiating. He writes well, and his agile and original mind guarantees that what he writes will make interesting reading. His book can be strongly recommended—to readers who keep their own critical faculties alert. I would add one additional word of warning. General Gavin's book is *not* a statement of the Army's case on the many controversial subjects with which it deals. It is a very personal testament.

THE SPRING and summer publication lists have included a number of works that fall into the same general class with General Gavin's, though for the most part they are more limited in their scope. A brief examination of what they have to contribute on the subject of arms and man in this age, which Sir Winston Churchill once described as "fated with doom," and some comparisons of their contents with the Gavin testament, follow.

Two recent publications, the National Planning Association pamphlet, *1970 Without Arms Control* and *The Great Arms Race* by *The New York Times'* good gray military editor, Mr. Hanson Baldwin, are factual surveys of the arms competition. The former is mainly devoted to the so-called "modern" weapons: nuclear warheads and the means for their delivery. It describes those available today and forecasts trends, in terms of technical developments and costs, up to 1970. Its purpose is to give the reader the weapons-information necessary for a critical approach to the problems of national security and arms control. In general, the forecasts argue the continuance of the strategic stalemate based on "balance of terror." But they also suggest increasing danger and consequently the greater urgency of effective arms control, which, however, is becoming more difficult to achieve owing to the growing complexity of the arms to be controlled.

MR. BALDWIN'S little book is subtitled "A Comparison of US and Soviet Power Today." It was written to present a more balanced appraisal of the comparative strengths of the two super-powers than those extremes of alarm and complacency that were current in the aftermath of Russia's earth-satellite launchings last fall. It is a reassuring antidote to those who hold—with General Gavin for example—that we are being disastrously defeated in the arms race. Mr. Baldwin concludes that that the US is still the world's first military power, though our superiority rests almost exclusively upon nuclear weapons of "strategic" annihilation and upon the power and skill of our Strategic Air Command. Our weakness is in lack of balance, in overemphasis on strategic nuclear forces at the expense of military power appropriate to limited war, and particularly to non-nuclear limited war.

By giving Soviet technology and productive capacity the benefit of every doubt, and by positing a very high level of accuracy for long-range missiles, General Gavin and those who share his views arrive at the conclusion—assuming present US rates of progress and production schedules—that by the early '60's the USSR will have a sufficient force of long-range missiles to destroy our strategic bomber retaliation strike forces in a surprise attack. In contrast to this, Baldwin gives a more conservative estimate of Soviet accomplishments to date and in the foreseeable future, and a more pessimistic forecast of long-range missile accuracy, and emphasizes the technical difficulties that confront any

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Russian "nuclear Pearl Harbor." Even when both sides become dependent upon missiles for their primary attack force, he is more concerned about the growing risks of accidental alert—triggered "by radar which could not tell the difference between a meteorite and an ICBM"—than by the increased risk of surprise attack.

ANOTHER of the season's crop of little books on this unpleasant subject, George Fielding Eliot's *Victory Without War, 1958-1961,* is in a class by itself. Despite the author's evident deep conviction, it strikes the reader as straight Navy propaganda, so blatant that it is not very good propaganda. We are assured that we can actually "win" the arms race, and thus gain foolproof national security, by 1961, if we will only give the Navy the funds Mr. Eliot says it wants to spend on attack carriers and Polaris missile submarines. Despite the extreme statement of its case, Mr. Eliot's book gives valuable information about the Navy's plans and hopes. One of the points made is that carrier task forces have far greater utility in limited wars than other "strategic" weapons systems. The point has considerable merit.

DISARMAMENT, or international arms control in some form, seems such an obvious way to escape the arms race, and to many so inescapable a necessity, that it has tended over the years to make careers for zealots. Lately, however, the extraordinary complexity of weapons systems, and their highly technical character, have attracted a new kind of worker to the vineyard, while, at the same time, they have had a sobering effect upon the elder vintners. The Columbia University study, *Inspection for Disarmament*, edited by Seymour Melman, is an example of the way in which scientists and other "experts" have been attracted to the technical aspects of arms control.

It is a collection of individual reports by some twenty-odd specialists, with a general summary by Mr. Melman, dealing with as many different problems of arms inspection. The conclusion of the joint effort is that "it is possible to define systems of inspection which would ensure compliance with a wide variety of disarmament agreements." It is not claimed that the systems would be perfect, particularly against a government intent upon evading them. Consequently, "the greatest safety for mankind is to be obtained from the earliest, even if partial disarmament agreements—which would serve to reduce international tension."

PHILIP NOEL-BAKER'S BOOK, *The Arms Race: A Programme for World Disarmament*, is likewise concerned with the problem of inspection. While the Melman book is more detailed, Noel-Baker's one-man effort is substantial. He also concedes that no system of inspection can remove all the risks. He argues persuasively, however, that the risks of evasion can be made less than the risks of the arms race. Like Melman, he counts upon the changed world temper when international tensions are relaxed by the achievement even of an agreement to negotiate disarmament, partial or general.

He points out, moreover, that a *general* disarmament agreement might very nearly solve the problems of inspection. For, not only would its attainment be accompanied by a revolutionary diminution of international tensions, but also if the delivery vehicles of general war, *i.e.*, bombers and missiles, were outlawed completely — commercial aircraft and rockets for space exploration being submitted to international control or inspection—the problem of enforcing nuclear disarmament by inspection would become much simpler, just as the motive for evasion would be weakened.

Noel-Baker's book is a comprehensive study, an able and surprisingly objective one, of the arms race and its implications as well as the problems of disarmament itself. There is no ambiguity in its orientation: " . . . the arms race must be stopped. It has become too dangerous for the nations to allow it to go on."

Of course the arms race is dangerous. It is also a frightful waste of human and material resources—though it may well get us to the moon a century earlier than we could have done it in more relaxed circumstances. But disarmament proposals run into obstacles more deeply rooted than those that have concerned any of the authors cited here. Noel-Baker, the only one whose work is sufficiently comprehensive to encompass the major issues, has a short chapter entitled: "Must Disputes be Settled First?" In it he disposes of the familiar argument that armaments are the symptoms of international conflict rather than the cause by agreeing with President Eisenhower that the world must seek political settlements and disarmament simultaneously. He remarks that most of the strategic arguments against disarmament (*i.e.*, these derived from considerations of national security) tend to disappear in a context of actual disarmament. His hope is that if a general disarmament treaty were negotiated the Russians might feel secure enough to relax their hold on the satellites, reduce their armed forces, and give up their missiles, because these things lose their importance in the presence of our professed willingness to give up SAC and The Bomb.

But this view, attractive as it is, barely scratches the surface. The hindrances to disarmament have profound sociological depths. They spring from the bare fact of social change itself. Changing human relationships, with their origins in the evolving cultural and material preconditions of society, are as inescapable as anything can be. Moreover, social change never has been, and presumably never will be, accomplished without the exercise of force, usually in violent form. General disarmament assumes either of two things. It assumes either that social change will in fact stop and the world remain precisely as it is until doomsday —which is absurd; or it assumes that peaceful ways can be found to accommodate the forces generated by social change, so that violence can be avoided.

UNFORTUNATELY, the latter assumption turns out, upon examination, to be almost as absurd as the first. In only a very small number of countries, during a mere moment of history, have political institutions been in existence that are capable of resolving even the domestic conflicts generated in the course of change without violence. So-called stable political systems, systems that permit an opposition to take over power after winning a free election, actually exist today in only a handful of countries. How then can it be expected that orderly procedures can be established *between* political communities, most of which have only partly emerged from earlier forms of social organization? Actually, as any student of man must admit, it is impossible even to imagine such a state of affairs, *starting with the raw material at hand.*

A superficially attractive escape from

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this dilemma is to imagine that the great powers might quarantine the troubled areas of the world and contrive to diminish the tensions among themselves by disarming to eliminate the possibility of military conflict. A first difficulty with this is that the Communist-dominated one-third of humanity has not succeeded in pacifying its internal conflicts, nor seems likely to do so while an ideological minority continues to rule by implicit (and often open) violence. Its conduct in external relations consequently would be incalculable, even if there were no reason for believing it inherently aggressive.

But the Communist regime is, in fact, inherently aggressive — and not exclusively in the military sense, but also in the sense that both a pervasive ideological imperative and the political dynamics of the system dictate vigorous efforts to expand the sway of Communism over the globe, regardless of local majority preferences and third-party objections.

Nor is this unwillingness, indeed, this constitutional inability, to accept the world as it is confined to the Communists. What is the meaning of the broad interpretation we insist upon giving the term "aggression," not to mention its bastard sister "indirect aggression," and why do we maintain our right to oppose this "aggression" with force, if not to assert our determination to decide by our own lights what is and what is not "peaceful" change? To be sure, Khrushchev's "peaceful co-existence" is a circular euphemism expressing his willingness to live with changes he is willing to live with (*i.e.*, those which favor the expansion of Communism), but how, fundamentally, does "peace with justice" differ?

Though it was hardly necessary that he do so, the President of the United States, in his General Assembly address a few days ago, made it as clear as can be that the world *we* can live with would be a world purged of Communism. "We must, in the end," he said, "be a world community of open societies." The "open societies" now existing are that handful I mentioned earlier that can change regimes without civil war. Their mere existence is a denial of Communist ideology and an affront to the Lords of the Kremlin.

The uncommitted — and underprivileged—world cannot be quarantined for the simple reason that it is the battlefield of the Cold War. It is an area within which it *can* be determined whether the sons and daughters of Lenin or of Liberty will inherit the earth. Neither side is the least bit likely to leave that decision to chance, nor to abandon the privilege of summoning to its support the forces by which social change is directed, including violence itself.

General disarmament, then, like perpetual peace, seems in the present state of humanity an utterly forlorn hope. Beside considerations such as those just advanced, the fact that a *general* disarmament is technically more manageable than a local or limited disarmament is a triviality. But perhaps there is hope, despite the technical problems they raise, that specific disarmament agreements might be achieved in favorable circumstances. There must, of course, be no illusions about them. The Cold War itself will be implicit in the negotiations, and both sides must be expected to use the negotiations for their ends of power whenever possible. Even so, it is becoming increasingly clear that there are some purposes common to both sides that military force cannot serve, and some exercises of military force from which neither side can anticipate anything but disaster. It is to these purposes and exercises that negotiations must be directed.

It is possible that a carefully defined "neutralization" of the Middle East may be an example of the first. It is becoming increasingly likely that the abolition of the weapons necessary in a general or "unlimited" nuclear way may be *the* example of the second.

The President went on to tell the General Assembly that "the concept of the open society is the ultimate key to a system of arms control we all can trust."

If this is official policy there will, of course, be no disarmament of any significance until Communism has been extirpated from the earth. So long as we cannot trust the Communists to behave rationally to promote their obvious self interest in the two circumstances just enumerated, talk of disarmament, of arms inspection, of arms control, is so much grist to the propaganda mill. But before we leave it at that we are well advised to examine our own consciences, and the rationality of our own conduct. It was the United States Government, not the Kremlin, that insisted upon "conventionalizing" nuclear weapons—on the plea that they offered us a cheaper counter to Soviet pre-nuclear armaments. And our government took this position despite the fact that unless nuclear weapons are actually used it is almost inconceivable that the United States could be gravely hurt in any kind of war, so that if they are not used, the "arsenal of democracy" would remain inviolate. That is, of course, water over the dam. But there is still "deterrence." There is still our conviction—or what we are told daily *ought* to be our conviction—that if we do not stand continuously in fear of a nuclear "Pearl Harbor," we shall not be alert, and consequently we shall actually invite a nuclear surprise attack. But can't we reasonably convince ourselves, without moral abdication of our responsibilities to the sons and daughters of Liberty, that the perilous uncertainty of a surprise attack (from the point of view of the attacked) is outweighed by the certain peril of retaliation (from the point of view of the attacker). In other words, isn't there enough stability in the "balance of terror" to justify our believing that the Russians can be trusted—within acceptable limits—to abandon the weapons whose "utility is confined to the threat or conduct of a war of annihilation"?

The possibility is worth considering. It will not be considered, however, so long as we must maintain our present pose, hollow as it has become in some connections, that our weapons of annihilation *do* have other utilities—extending even to the suppression of "indirect aggression."

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RECORDS

Operas and Excerpts

LONDON has made a notable contribution to recorded opera by issuing, on Oiseau-Lyre 50139/41, all of Purcell's *The Fairy Queen*. Excerpts have been available, including the wonderfully evocative "Now Winter Comes Slowly" and powerfully declamatory "Let Me Ever Weep!"; but now we discover how much beautiful and expressive music the work contains in addition, and how extraordinary its expressive range is, encompassing among other things the humor of the setting of the words of the drunken poet in the opening scene. And the records give us an excellent performance in which Anthony Lewis has first-rate soloists headed by Elsie Morison and Jennifer Vyvyan, a good chorus and the Boyd Neel Orchestra.

Another such contribution is Mercury's recording, on OL-3-104, of Cherubini's *Medea,* which enables music-lovers in the rest of the country to hear the expressive dramatic melody and orchestral writing that created something of a sensation in New York when the American Opera Society performed the work. Part of the sensation on that occasion was Eileen Farrell's singing of Medea's taxing music; and in Mercury's La Scala performance Maria Callas sings it not sensationally, but impressively in her own way—impressively enough to carry a performance in which the chief lesser roles of Creon and Jason are sung with insufficient dramatic force by Giuseppe Modesti and Mirto Picchi. On the other hand Renata Scotto contributes lovely singing as Glauce; Miriam Pirazzini is an effective Neris, and the chorus and orchestra perform excellently under Serafin's direction.

Here I might mention the scenes from infrequently heard or totally unfamiliar 18th-Century operas included in Victor LM-6137, Volume 7 of *The History of Music in Sound*. Each volume of records in this series illustrates the corresponding volume of the new *Oxford History of Music,* and is itself accompanied by a booklet of notes drawn from the Oxford volume. Volume 7 is entitled *The Symphonic Outlook*; and in addition to examples of 18th-Century instrumental and church music it offers arias and scenes from Gluck's *Iphigénie en Aulide,* Dittersdorf's *Doktor und Apotheker,* Grétry's *Richard Coeur-de-Lion,* Cimarosa's *Il Matrimonio Segreto,* Mozart's *La Clemenza di Tito* and his *Abduction from the Seraglio.* Except for the singing of the Grétry excerpt, the performances are good.

As for standard repertory, Angel 3572 offers a performance of Wagner's *Die Meistersinger* which is now the one to acquire. None of the other principals have voices with the youthful bloom exhibited by the lovely soprano voice of Elisabeth Grümmer, the Eva; but Ferdinand Frantz, the Sachs, Rudolph Schock, the Walther, and Gottlob Frick, the Pogner, sing with agreeable vocal tone and admirable expressive point; and Gerhard Unger's David is masterly. It is not with its singing, however, that this performance wins over the older London version, which has Schoeffler's Sachs, Edelmann's Pogner, Gueden's Eva. It is, rather, with the greater animation and fluency of the performance as it is paced by Kempe; and the recording that allows the important orchestral part to be heard clearly with the singing. That orchestral part is played by the Berlin Philharmonic; and the recording is almost worth having merely for the sound of the brass in the two passages of the wonderful Prelude to Act 3.

Columbia ML-5239 gives us a number of Pinza's performances of the 40's in which his voice no longer has the bloom one hears in the earlier performances on Victor CAL-401, but has instead the dusky magnificence of the later years. One side has, in addition to a hammed-up Catalogue Aria from *Don Giovanni,* several of Pinza's best Mozart performances — of the Serenade from *Don Giovanni, "Se vuol ballare"* and *"Aprite un po' quegl' occhi"* from *Figaro,* and the concert aria *Mentre ti lascio.* The other side has arias from Rossini's *Barber,* Verdi's *Simone Boccanegra,* Halévy's *La Juive* and Musorgsky's *Boris* (in Italian). The voice is reproduced with superb accuracy, but in some instances with barely audible orchestral context.

Some months ago I discussed a record with a number of poorly chosen early performances of the great soprano Frieda Hempel. The more distinguished performances of her maturity are controlled by HMV and Victor, which haven't reissued them themselves and apparently will not allow them to be reissued by anyone else; for a new LP, Scala 832, again gives us only early ones. But it gives a better selection, including *"O beau pays"* and a duet from Meyerbeer's *Huguenots, "Una voce"* from Rossini's *Barber,* and from Verdi's *La Traviata* the *"Sempre libera"* and not only the duet *"Parigi, o cara"* but much of the duet that follows. In these (all sung in German) we hear not only the breathtaking execution of florid passages — including passages interpolated for display—but the voice that was so extraordinary in its loveliness and its touching expressiveness, and that was deployed in sustained cantilena with such marvelous feeling for the musical phrase. The tenor Hermann Jadlowker sings well in the duets.

At the age of 59, when the legendary Lilli Lehmann recorded the performances on Scala 826, her voice had no luster or warmth such as the 60-year-old Flagstad retained; but its steadiness, power and endless reserve of breath, its absolute security in florid passages, its superb musical phrasing and style are breathtaking in *"Martern aller Arten"* and *"Ach, ich liebte"* from Mozart's *Seraglio, "Porgi amor"* from *Figaro, "Or sai chi l' onore"* from *Don Giovanni,* "O Had I Jubal's Lyre" from Handel's *Joshua, "Komm' Hoffnung"* from *Fidelio, "Ah! fors' è lui"* from *La Traviata.* And similar amazing technical and musical powers in a similar amazing range of styles are heard in Ernestine Schumann - Heink's performances, on Rococo 11 (Ross, Court & Co., 2098 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada), of arias from operas of Gluck, Handel, Mozart, Donizetti, Meyerbeer and Wagner, and songs by Schubert and Tchaikovsky.

SUCH musical distinction was exceptional in the old days, as one discovers by listening to Mozart mangled by Mattia Battistini on Scala 831, by Nellie Melba on Rococo 5, and by Adelina Patti on Rococo 3. These are singers to listen to only for their manipulation of their voices; and I report that the Battistini record gives us the beautiful voice as well as the mannered style of manipulating it; that Melba's 1904 recording reproduces her spectacular execution of

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florid passages and trills, but, surprisingly, not the loveliness her voice must have had at that time, to judge from what it still had when I heard her in *Faust* in 1917; and that the recordings of the 62-year-old Patti likewise give us nothing of the earlier beauty of her voice, but the Jewel Song from *Faust* and Arditi's *Il Baccio* still exhibit some of her lightness and grace in florid singing. And I add that the extraordinary voice of Caruso in his late 20's is reproduced most accurately, I judge, in the aria from Franchetti's *Germania* that is among his 1901 and 1902 performances on Scala 825.

B. H. HAGGIN

ART

The Revolution in Art—II

If the social revolution succeeded Christianity as the chief thematic preoccupation of visual art and if moreover the revolution traces its origins to religious art of the early Middle Ages and ultimately to the prophetic writings in the Old Testament, it is not too surprising that the two should come together again. That it took so long is due to a history shaped largely by the genius of organized Christianity for grabbing the short term gain at the expense of the long term goal.

Thus, in its origins, Protestant Christianity had an opportunity unequalled since Constantine to separate church from state. The opportunity was muffed and the new religion became the willing partner of the new state that was rising from the feudal ruins. Catholicism astonishingly decided that insofar as it bore any responsibility at all for the Reformation, the Church had erred in lack of rigor. There followed, on both sides, the systematic destruction of religion as a community enterprise. What took its place socially was religion as adornment of or manipulator of the increasingly powerful state. Religious feeling, on the other hand, became and was encouraged to become a personal matter. The century between Michelangelo's Last Judgment and Bernini's St. Teresa completes the transition. On Bernini's (and our own) side of it, religion either has no social significance whatsoever or, as prop of the existing rule, sets its face against the very idea of social significance and, for its pains, is recognized by the spirit of the revolution in art as an exploiter to be swept away in the Last Judgment that is inseparable from revolutionary art.

Thus, as the devotionalism that Bernini miraculously carried off sinks to ever new lows of religious schmaltz, Goya is jocularly anti-clerical and the brilliantly revolutionary art of Mexico again and again groups Christianity with Fascism, Nazism, Japanese militarism and occasionally Communism. At the same time, Kaethe Kollwitz, in a long and productive career as a revolutionary printmaker, and with a personal score that centers, really, on the agony and tenderness of the mother and child, produces a single religious subject a Visitation that is far from her usual strength.

Goya, the Mexicans and Kollwitz all bring to mind an essential element of revolutionary art that somewhat ironically connects it with Christianity and especially with the Christianity of the Reformation period. The element is war in the modern ideological sense, which came into existence only with the religious wars following the Reformation. Before that, war in Europe was mostly a continuation of reality by other means. With the religious wars there springs to life the idea of total destruction of the enemy. The idea has flourished so well that today the suggestion of limited war as a subject of tactical study is simply not understood in some quarters and in others is regarded as the suggestion of treason.

This kind of war—all-out, no quarter and no holds barred—is vital to revolutionary art from two almost opposite points of view. On the one hand, Armageddon, on the other, The Disasters of War.

The Last Judgment, as noted, is vital to revolutionary art and possibly to the idea of the revolution itself. In art it is frequently combined with a secularized Armageddon. Something like a majority of the Mexican revolutionary frescoes of our century express burningly the feeling if not always the fact of the final struggle between the people and their oppressors. As in scripture, the judgment occurs only after or as the climax of the De Mille battle scene. Here again, we are thrown back to the Christian origins; from the tympani sculpture through Michelangelo's towering achievement, the judgment is rarely the calm abstraction of the court of law, is most often shot through with trumpets and lances, war cries and the thrust of steel into flesh.

At the same time the image of total war — the disasters — has provided the key revolutionary symbol and summing up of the social ills the revolution is out to correct. If an economy is based on competition, the ultimate competition is war. If a society is organized to exploit the masses, the ultimate exploitation is conscription and death.

Kaethe Kollwitz, in her print cycles of the Weavers and the Peasant War, uses both points of view on war, but with Armageddon perceived from the first as being as hopeless as inaction and submission. Thus the war initiated by the oppressed themselves becomes another burden heaped up by the oppressor. In both series, Armageddon is a human gesture practically futile, historically inevitable and spiritually meaningful. In terms more political and more bitter, the Mexicans have said the same thing.

Abruptly, in the 20th Century, revolutionary art, still taking pot shots at organized religion as one more exploiter, returns to religious material and infuses it with new life. The most stunning example I know is Orozco's mural at Dartmouth College, in which the history of the hemisphere is suddenly, yet not illogically climaxed with the almost Byzantine apparition of "Christ Destroying His Cross," against a slag heap of religious symbols and armaments.

But the great reunion of Christianity and the revolution takes place in Georges Rouault. I have long considered his prints superior to his paintings and I think his series "Miserere et Guerre" cumulatively establishes one of the peaks of European art. In it the revolution is purged of Armageddon without sight lost of social evil intensified in war; devotional religious art is rescued from the clouds and the syrup and makes contact once more with life; and the infinite patience of these tortured prints is the patience of life, not that of vengeance.

FRANK GETLEIN

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MOVIES

Together and Alone

by Stanley Kauffmann

TWO SOUTHERN convicts who hate each other, one white and one Negro, are chained together by the wrist for transport by truck. En route, the truck overturns in an accident and the two

The Defiant Ones (United Artists).

convicts escape, still shackled together. That is the premise of *The Defiant Ones,* a new film produced and directed by Stanley Kramer, written by Nathan E. Douglas and Harold Jacob Smith. It is easily one of the best American pictures of the decade. It will inevitably be seen by all those interested in films, but it ought also to be seen by those who hold, with ample justification, that movie-going is often a waste of time. This film is a work of art.

Clever situations as the basis for dramatizations of social issues (for instance, *Gentlemen's Agreement*) are usually a promise of intellectual and artistic bankruptcy. After concocting his gimmick, the author is either so satisfied with his achievement or is anyway so incapable of genuine creation that he peoples his story with straw men and neglects to develop it organically, thus making an irritating grain of sand of his original pearl. I confess I was apprehensive when I heard the basic idea of *The Defiant Ones*; I feared that same hollow delineation of angels and devils, that liberal lyricism, with which the "better" TV playwrights have driven us all back to watching Phil Silvers. But Douglas and Smith have recognized the booby trap and have done better than avoid it: they have used their premise as the cornerstone of a drama which grows steadily and richly, which is intent on exploring with a ruthless sympathy all the artistic possibilities of the initial situation. They have abjured the rhapsody of uplift and so have made an extremely moving social drama.

The story is composed of two strands, the pursuers and the pursued. Chief among the pursuers are the sheriff (Theodore Bikel), a duty-bound but humane man who is, for a welcome novelty, a Southerner of non-Anglo-Saxon descent: and the captain of State Police (Charles McGraw) who chafes under the sheriff's lenient hand, who insists on using bloodhounds and wants to call out the militia. The two fugitives are Joker Jackson (Tony Curtis) and Noah Cullen (Sidney Poitier), both of whom have served long terms and are desperate. The two narrative strands are interwoven brilliantly; the scenes with the pursuers never sag, but naturally it is the convicts who are most interesting.

They flee loathing each other. They quarrel about which direction to take; the Negro wins, and the white man promises to settle the grudge later, which pleases the Negro, too. But, linked inexorably, they save each other in turn. Jackson pulls Cullen out of a rushing stream when the Negro loses his footing; Cullen poultices Jackson's infected wrist and, when they are burgling a store, drops from a beam to certain capture rather than let Jackson dangle by his aching arm. After the visible chain is broken but an unseen one is forged, Jackson gives up a chance to escape by car in order to help Cullen out of a treacherous swamp; and when they try to hop a freight, Cullen, already aboard, refuses to abandon the weakening Jackson who can't run fast enough. They tumble down a hill together and lie there, waiting for the approaching police.

THE scenes in which they munch roasted frog around a small fire in a swamp; in which they wait for a turpentine camp to douse its lights so they can pilfer food from the company store; in which they slug out their grudge; in which they encounter a young woman and her small son on a lonely farm, all these are gems. The woman gives them food and tools to break their shackles and to Jackson she gives love and a chance to escape in her car. When she first appeared, I felt a qualm, but the whole episode is credibly and touchingly done. One can find some small fault only with the attempted lynching by the turpentine crew, where issues seem some-

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what abruptly raised and settled; also the fugitives' escape from the crew seems slightly fortuitous.

What the picture accomplishes principally and well is the creation of two characters. Yet they are not merely portraits, because they are in double conflict: with the world around them and with each other. The progress of the drama is internal: these men, chained together, rescuing each other, punching each other, move toward their own humanity. They discover faculties in temselves where they had no clue of them and in each other where they had no interest. Hate is often mentioned in the picture, brotherly love never. But it is love that makes the triumph, that strips away the corruptions of the world down to their essential, mutually needful innocence. At the end when they lie together panting, watching the sheriff approach, with the sick Jackson's head resting on Cullen's chest, the white man says bitterly that their attempt didn't come to much, and the Negro replies, with a little smile: "We doin' all right." And we understand the victory. As they wait, he keens the blues song which is the musical theme of the film, and I remembered Blake's "Black Boy." "When I from black and he from white cloud free," he says, thinking of a white boy,

> I'll stand and stroke his silver hair
> And be like him, and he will then
> love me.

It is not too much to say that this last scene epitomizes those lines.

As Cullen, Sidney Poitier is—quite literally—simply magnificent. He has giant strength and almost feminine sensitivity. His performance gives the theatrical life of the film its blood and pulse, and his presence, sprung with inner tensions, radiant with force, amplifies the character even beyond what the authors have written. I shall not soon forget the scene where he recalls bitingly how his wife always implored him to "be nice." "Even when they put me in solitary, she say, 'Be nice.' And now she teachin' our kid the same damn thing." The word "damn" as he speaks it carries several centuries' accumulated protest.

As Jackson, Tony Curtis demonstrates further determination not to be a Hollywood pretty-boy. He understands perfectly what he is doing and he has committed himself utterly. However, although he is never bad, he is sometimes lightweight; one simply feels that there isn't enough soul there to be harrowed up. With Brando or Kirk Douglas opposite Poitier, the theater would have exploded. Cara Williams gives an effective, slovenly sexual performance of an emotionally starved woman grasping at her one chance.

HIGH praise must go to the authors, whose story-line cuts like a knife and whose dialogue blisters and rends us. At least equal praise must go to Kramer for his courage in choosing the subject and for his dynamic, intelligent direction. Together they have made a picture which may well prove a landmark in American film history.

In fact, it is so good that it can induce a false sense of futility. The fugitives' recapture is a more bitter ending for the story than the death from which they narrowly escape. They must return to a society with old barriers which they now know are false but which, we know, will eventually prevail over their newly won inner liberation. A trite homiletic film might try to cheer us with false optimism, but the truth in this picture implies inescapably that nothing around these men has changed. Last year John Bartlow Martin published a book on the obstacles facing desegregation, *The Deep South Says "Never,"* a report so honest about Southern resistance that the Citizens' Councils ordered copies for propaganda use! For his honesty Martin was castigated in the North; but, reviewing the book recently, the (London) *Times Literary Supplement* said:

> Why, then, do so many seek to be deceived about the ease of solving this most intractable of all human problems? Why do prelates and politicians, sociologists and story-tellers, lull Western democrats into a belief that what has defied solution for centuries can be solved in weeks? . . . Not the least merit of Mr. Martin's striking book is that it fairly uncovers these masked issues, and makes us think not so much of what we ought to do as of what we *can*.

So Mr. Kramer, his scriptwriters and cast. By striving to tell the truth about two human beings, they deflate facile sentimentality, they make us face unpleasantnesses about the road ahead and about the moral superiority that any of us, Northern, Southern, white, black or heliotrope, assume in this matter. But the fact of this film's existence, like our reaction to it, confirms one other matter, too: hope.

The Defiant Ones opened in Chicago in mid-August and will be released nationally in late September. You, as a cultivated American, are indebted to Kramer and his associates for making this picture, whether you see it or not; so why not see it?

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

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Of Freedom and Contemplation

an essay on Pasternak's

Dr. Zhivago

by Irving Howe

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